

It begins with the sight
Encrusted nail, dirt like gilded gold,
Fortunes untold beneath its armor.
 with steel prick or tooth grip
 I *chip chip chip* away,
 Like a prisoner in his cell
 Trapped in that spell
 Of self-mutilation,
 Then strikes blood
 The saccharine stuff
Wealth of my ancestors within me,
 Fingers and toes
 Nobody knows how much,
 I walk with a limp,
 With scarred toes tormented
 The product of anxious days
What remains is the soft flesh,
 Like a turtle without a shell,
 When it all grows back
I attack freshly healed wounds,
 Stripping up to the cuticle,
 And after all that time
 To never find
 What I'm looking for.

“nail biter”